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will not dwell any longer on this work. Mr. Brown has fallen into a great mistake in thinking himself qualified to write a book. In the present instance, with talents of a very humble order, he has assumed a very pompous tone, and made a great parade of small acquisitions.

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ART. X.—*The Speeches of Charles Phillips, Esquire, delivered at the Bar and on various public occasions in Ireland and England. Edited by himself.* New York, published by Kirk & Mercein, 1817.

THE oratory of every people depends so essentially upon their institutions, form of government, education, manners, associations, and other peculiarities, and must be so materially affected, and modified, by any change in these, that we might less expect to find a difference of opinion, and of taste, on this subject, among well informed persons of the same nation, and the same period, than upon almost any other whatever. We are however mistaken in this. Notwithstanding the admirable specimens of oratory, which have been furnished in latter times, by the British parliament and the British bar, there seems to be a very common though loose opinion, that this art comes far short of its former perfection. Their early classical associations, we should think, had provided many persons with such extravagant and incorrect notions on this head, as to prevent them from estimating without prejudice the real excellencies of modern oratory, and from forming a just opinion of the character it has necessarily taken from the present state of society. Century has followed century since the decline of the ancient republics—the world has improved and continues daily to improve in the knowledge of government, of manners, of science, and of all the useful arts—but we still look back with admiration and regret to those states as alike the school and the mausoleum of eloquence. The Pitts, the Mansfields, the Sheridans, the Burkes, the Currans, and Erskines have indeed done much to revive the fallen spirits of those, who had feared that the damps and chills of the dark ages had extinguished forever the flame of eloquence ; but even they, it is said, have attempted in vain to equal the masters who so long ago preceded them. The body and substance of oratory is thought still to remain,—all that is argumentative and weighty and practical,—but that excitement of the passions, that stir

of the imagination, that intoxication of the feelings, which carried every thing before them, which blinded and confounded the mind, and set at defiance all argument and reason and right, are now wanting. Many who lamented this deficiency, could perceive its just causes, and believed that the stricter forms of government of these times presented an insurmountable obstacle to the advancement of this species of eloquence.

Upon the establishment of the free governments of the United States, these lovers of ancient oratory turned their eyes to America with renewed hopes and expectations, that this was the field in which eloquence was again to assert her power, and triumph anew in all her former splendour,—they thought, and it was plausible too, that where every thing was to be directed by the will of the people, the direction of all things would fall at once into the hands of orators,—that where the highest offices of government, and the places of most honour and profit, were alike open to all classes of citizens, ambition would have its widest range, and associate itself with the hopes and plans of every individual,—that under such circumstances, eloquence would meet with all the facilities and encouragement it had ever before enjoyed, and could hardly fail of attaining to its highest perfection. But here these speculatists have again been disappointed ; so far from rivalling past ages in this art, we are said to imitate but feebly the best models of the present. We are thought to be too dull, or too business-like, to be capable of that extensive acquirement, that delicate taste, and, more than all, that inspiring enthusiasm, which eloquence calls for.

It is however a matter of some consolation to us, that the objections made to our style of oratory, are not, that it is deficient in good sense, in sound argument, or apt illustration, but on the contrary, that it depends too much on these ; that it is forgetful of the power of the passions, the influence of the imagination, and the frequent weakness of the judgment,—that it supposes such qualities of mind in its hearers, as mixed audiences never possess, a power of fixed attention to dry, unadorned reasoning, and a patient investigation of unembellished facts ; that it therefore comes to be cold, and lifeless, and uninteresting, and altogether wanting in that sublimity, and fascination, and irresistible spirit, which go to form the character of true oratory.

But for all the perfect understanding, we think we have, of the excellencies of ancient oratory, and of the difference be-

tween that and the oratory of the present day and of this country, we are nevertheless far from believing, that this art is likely to become extinct among us, or has even fallen to decay.

The love of power is among the strongest, and most influential of the passions,—it is displayed during the earliest periods of childhood, and continues to develop itself and to strengthen to the end of life. No form of social compact can be devised, in which some of the parties to it do not take the lead, and influence and control the opinions and conduct of the rest, nor can any two individuals be so situated together as that one shall not gain an ascendancy, however silently and imperceptibly, over the other. In all free governments, eloquence affords one of the most certain and most honourable means of attaining to this power,—and whilst the structure of the human mind and the influence of human passions continue as they now are, we need indulge little fear that eloquence and the art of oratory will be lost, however much they may be affected and modified by the prevailing institutions and spirit of the times. But it strikes us that these proselytes to excitement and sound make a great mistake, in looking to the ancient orators for the support of their theory. There is indeed a prevailing notion, that the oratory of Greece and Rome was particularly characterized by its address to the passions. If it is only meant by this, that the nature of their governments, and the habits and manners of the people, and the peculiar taste of the age, made the passions and the imagination better mediums of appeal to the understanding than they now are, we think so too. But if it is to be understood, that the efficacy of sound and sober argument, and deep thought, and chaste, unimpassioned language, were little valued—as inadequate to reach the understanding and to influence the will even of wise and learned men,—we are of a very different mind, and we can find nothing in the works of these orators to justify such an opinion. We have always viewed the orations of Cicero as the finest specimens of ingenious and powerful argument, as well as of elegant diction, and of eloquent appeal to the fancy and feelings, and we well know that he was by no means esteemed the chastest of their speakers, but on the contrary was condemned by many as running too much into the Asiatic, or effeminate style.

But we conceive that these persons make a much greater mistake, and one of many more evil consequences, in supposing that the institutions of this country are of a nature to re-

vive and foster that species of eloquence, be it what it may ; much more the florid, ornamented, artificial kind which they delight in. They appear to forget, that the different relative situations of the several nations of the world, their greater equality with regard to civilization and improvement, the balance of power which is so jealously attended to, and the change in laws and manners, and in theories respecting government, have caused a republic of those times and the present, to resemble each other in little more than name,—and that the peculiar origin and structure of this republic in particular, have rendered the difference still more striking and material.

The intricate and nicely adjusted machinery of modern societies requires, for their right conduct, a careful hand, and much and deep reflection, and no light weighing of principles and consequences ; and when this machinery is to be tended and kept in operation by the people at large, their habits of mind come to be of no small importance ; and it would be better to have them more fond of sound reasoning than pleasing declamation, more anxious for information than excitement.

We do not profess, however, to be over fearful of the progress of this false oratory amongst us. We believe, in the first place, that the middling classes, generally speaking, are by no means so easily captivated by declamation alone, as some imagine,—on many accounts, indeed, they are much less likely to be so, than those who are more refined, and of better education. They are but little sensible to the most appropriate use of words, the nice arrangement of sentences, and the elegancies of action. Their imaginations are less cultivated and less luxuriant, and they want that delicacy and various shade of feeling, which oratory of this sort is calculated to operate upon. To come near them, you must speak to their understandings in plain and intelligible language, or to their hearts by touching some natural feeling. But if we think this remark is generally true, we also think it, for a variety of reasons, particularly applicable to that class of persons in our own country.

The divisions of this country into so many independent commonwealths, and of these into districts, counties, towns and parishes, has created an immense number of offices, of more or less trust and importance, most of which are filled by the choice of the people. The importance which they neces-

sarily derive from this general and equal right of suffrage, is continually kept alive by the frequency of these elections, and much enhanced by the existence of two contending political parties. Every man makes himself in some degree acquainted with the particular and separate interests of the state, town, and county to which he belongs, and of the United States generally—and is addressed frequently upon topics relating to them, by those who are interested to have him of their way of thinking on such subjects. Hence a spirit of proselytism, and a disposition for debate and argument, pervade the whole mass of the people, and every village, and every neighbourhood furnishes its orators,—the dullest rustic, who represents his town in the state assembly, and who hears in silence the debates that arise there, returns home to repeat the arguments he has collected in aid of his prejudices, and becomes an orator and an oracle, in town meetings and tavern circles. The concern which every one is thus permitted to take, not only in the affairs of his own village, but of the state, and the country generally, and the anxiety which is felt to subserve and strengthen party interests, disposes them to a soberness of thought, a carefulness of examination, and a pertinacity of opinion, which are not to be taken with light and tawdry declamation merely.

This taste for a serious and chaste style of oratory is very much induced too, and fixed, we think, by the weekly discourses which are delivered from our pulpits, at least throughout a large portion of the United States. Persons of no one persuasion being particularly favoured by our laws, and the selection of their pastors left entirely with the people, our divines have to depend for their settlement, and for the prevalence and popularity of their peculiar tenets, upon their own individual exertions and worth. They have in consequence become distinguished by their acquirements, and by their respectability and weight of character, and are more looked up to and confided in, than any other class of men. The model upon which they have fashioned their eloquence is far from the impassioned, and this cannot fail to give some tone to that of their hearers.

The eloquence of the bar, when confined to its own province, has but little influence upon public taste. And although,—where the practitioners of law are so often called upon, as they are here, to take part in the national concerns and counsels,—this influence must be very much extended,

yet we have great confidence that the learning of our judges, the intelligence of our juries, and the increasing proficiency made in the science itself, will preserve and encourage that simple and legal mode of argument which now prevails generally in this part of the country.

In speaking of addresses to the passions and feelings and imagination, we would not be taken to undervalue, in the least, their importance. We believe, after all we have said, that even in these more rational and calculating times, the majority are governed much more by feeling, than by understanding; by passion, than reason. We are aware, that notwithstanding the changes which have taken place in the world, since the periods referred to as furnishing the best specimens of oratory,—the essential principles of human nature remain the same, that the passions of men continue to operate as before, that if much was to be effected by them then, much is to be effected by them now. It is about the manner, and the occasion and the means to be used in coming at them, that we dispute. It is, we think, by judging correctly of opportunities and of men, by well adapting his discourse to the subject and the audience, that an orator makes himself powerful. When an assembly is to be addressed, for purposes of pleasure only, and upon subjects disconnected with important interests, the speaker will do well to look to the choice of his words, and to the turning of his periods, and to the graceful arrangement of his sentences. When momentous questions of national welfare and general regard come under discussion, when dark and threatening appearances are gathering around, and the people have deserted their wonted employments, and are wandering about in uncertainty and dread, to catch the conjectures and forebodings of their neighbours,—or when unexpected and uncommon success has thrown its exhilarating influence upon them, and weakened whilst it warmed,—or when political contentions and party prejudices have heated and unbalanced their minds, you may then venture to attack their strongest passions in the boldest and most unguarded manner, for on such subjects, and under such circumstances, the mass of the community are the least informed and the most easily excited. But when we are brought to treat of their immediate, individual interests, and ordinary, every day concerns,—which, although of the greatest importance to those directly affected, have little in them to rouse the attention, or awaken the sympathy of others,—

we shall find that simple unembellished argument and plain good sense will operate by much the most successfully.

The fact we apprehend is,—however it may strike some minds,—that no art is less dependent upon education, or perhaps we had better say more dependent upon nature, than that of oratory. We believe that a man may as well think to obtain a new sense, or form an extra bodily organ, by study and acquirement, as to make himself an orator, in the true sense of the term, without bringing into the world with him the peculiar spirit and sentiment which enter so much into the groundwork of that character. Upon this, more than any thing else, rests the distinction between the mere declaimer and the orator.

We think ourselves exceedingly fortunate in meeting with a set of speeches so remarkably well adapted, as these of Mr. Phillips' are, to exemplify the kind of oratory we have attempted to describe. Without some evidence of this kind at hand to bear us out in our remarks, we should have feared that many of our readers would have been inclined to deny the existence of such a taste, or thought, at least, that our description had done injustice to it. We are also in some measure relieved of the anxiety we felt, from the encomiums bestowed on some newspaper extracts from them, lest they should become popular. We can hardly conceive that his greatest advocates will hold to their former opinion of him, after reading this volume.

It contains twelve speeches, which, with the exception of one, were delivered in Ireland, some of them at the Irish bar, and the others before different associations of gentlemen of information and taste. There are, besides these, a petition of the Roman Catholics to the House of Commons of Great Britain, drawn up by Mr. Phillips, an address to the Princess of Wales, and a character of Napoleon Buonaparte.—The faults in these speeches, if any, are not to be attributed to the mistakes and ignorance of unlettered chirographers, who minuted them down as they fell from the speaker, nor to their premature publication by partial friends, nor to a want of time for their due revision. They are edited by the orator himself, from his own minutes, of his own free will, at his own leisure, upon his own examination, and with every opportunity of emendation and correction he could wish, and they are put forth by his kind friend, who volunteers the preface, with the assertion, 'that the text of this volume is an



acknowledged reference, to which future criticism may fairly resort, and from which his friends must deduce any title which the speaker may have created to the character of an orator.' It is also said, and we conclude with the editor's sanction, if not upon his authority, 'that the materials of this volume are at this moment read in all the languages of Europe,' and that his course of eloquence 'has procured for him within the last year, a larger number of readers through the world, than ever in the same time resorted to the productions of any man of these countries.' Taking then these representations for true,—and we ought not perhaps to doubt them, coming as they do from the author himself, who appears to be a remarkably modest, unassuming, disinterested sort of person,—we have here a fair specimen of this sort of oratory, and of its general prevalence in this the nineteenth century. The book commences with a speech delivered at a public dinner given to Mr. Finlay—the gentleman who professes to write the preface by the Roman Catholics in the town of Sligo. The character of the Catholic clergy is thus described in it.

'The Catholic clergy of Ireland are rare examples of the doctrines they inculcate. Pious in their habits, almost primitive in their manners, they have no care but their flock—no study but their Gospel. It is not in the gaudy ring of courtly dissipation that you will find the Murrays, the Coppingers, and the Moylans of the present day—not at the levee, or the lounge, or the election-riot. No; you will find them wherever good is to be done or evil to be corrected—rearing their mitres in the van of misery, consoling the captive, reforming the convict, enriching the orphan; ornaments of this world, and emblems of a better; preaching their God through the practice of every virtue; monitors at the confessional, apostles in the pulpit, saints at the death-bed, holding the sacred water to the lip of sin, or pouring the redeeming unction on the agonies of despair. Oh, I would hold him little better than the Promethean robber, who would turn the fire of their eternal altar into the impure and perishable mass of this world's preferment. Better by far that the days of ancient barbarism should revive—better that your religion should again take refuge among the fastnesses of the mountain, and the solitude of the cavern—better that the rack of a murderous bigotry should again terminate the miseries of your priesthood, and that the gate of freedom should be only open to them through the gate of martyrdom, than that they should gild their missals with the wages of a court, and expect their ecclesiastical promotion, not from their superior piety, but their comparative prostitution.' pp. 10, 11.

In a speech delivered at a meeting of the Roman Catholics of Cork, he thus speaks of a Mr. O'Connell, who seemed to be after a place—and of other Catholics who had obtained appointments by giving up their opinions.

‘Surely, surely if merit had fair play, if splendid talents, if indefatigable industry, if great research, if unsullied principle, if a heart full of the finest affections, if a mind matured in every manly accomplishment, in short, if every noble, public quality, mellowed and reflected in the pure mirror of domestic virtue, could entitle a subject to distinction in a state, Mr. O'Connell should be distinguished ; but, it is his crime to be a Catholic, and his curse to be an Irishman. Simpleton ! he prefers his conscience to a place, and the love of his country to a participation in her plunder ! Indeed, he will never rise. If he joined the bigots of my sect, he might be a sergeant ; if he joined the infidels of your sect, he might enjoy a pension, and there is no knowing whether some Orange-corporator, on an Orange-anniversary, might not modestly yield him the precedence of giving “the glorious and immortal memory.” Oh, yes, he might be privileged to get drunk in gratitude to the man who colonized ignorance in his native land, and left to his creed the legacy of legalized persecution. Nor would he stand alone, no matter what might be the measure of his disgrace, or the degree of his dereliction. You well know there are many of your own community who would leave him at the distance-post. In contemplating their recreancy, I should be almost tempted to smile at the exhibition of their pretensions, if there was not a kind of moral melancholy intermingled, that changed satire into pity, and ridicule into contempt. For my part, I behold them in the apathy of their servitude, as I would some miserable maniac in the contentment of his captivity.’ pp. 20, 21.

Of the Pope he says,

‘Have we not seen him, in one moment, his crown crumbled, his sceptre a reed, his throne a shadow, his home a dungeon ! But if we have, Catholics, it was only to show how inestimable is human virtue compared with human grandeur ; it was only to shew those whose faith was failing and whose fears were strengthening, that the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints, and the patience of the martyrs, had not wholly vanished. Perhaps it was also ordained to show the bigot at home, as well as the tyrant abroad, that though the person might be chained, and the motive calumniated, religion was still strong enough to support her sons, and to confound, if she could not reclaim, her enemies. No threats could awe, no promises could tempt, no sufferings could appal him ; mid the damps of his dungeon he dashed away the cup in which

the pearl of his liberty was to be dissolved. Only reflect on the state of the world at that moment! All around him was convulsed, the very foundations of the earth seemed giving way, the comet was let loose that "from its fiery hair shook pestilence and death," the twilight was gathering, the tempest was roaring, the darkness was at hand; but he towered sublime, like the last mountain in the deluge—majestic, not less in his elevation than in his solitude, immutable amid change, magnificent amid ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty, the last resting-place of heaven's light! Thus have the terrors of the Vatican retreated; thus has that cloud which hovered o'er your cause brightened at once into a sign of your faith and an assurance of your victory.—Another obstacle, the omnipotence of France; I know it was a pretence, but it was made an obstacle—What has become of it? The spell of her invincibility destroyed, the spirit of her armies broken, her immense boundary dismembered, and the lord of her empire become the exile of a rock. She allows fancy no fear, and bigotry no speciousness; and, as if in the very operation of the change to point the purpose of your redemption, the hand that replanted the rejected lily was that of an *Irish Catholic*.' pp. 23, 24.

In a speech to the Roman Catholics at Dublin speaking of England;

'England, the ally of Catholic Portugal, the ally of Catholic Spain, the ally of Catholic France, the friend of the Pope! England, who seated a Catholic bigot in Madrid! who convoyed a Catholic Braganza to the Brazils! who enthroned a Catholic Bourbon in Paris! who guaranteed a Catholic establishment in Canada! who gave a constitution to Catholic Hanover! England, who searches the globe for Catholic grievances to redress, and Catholic Princes to restore, will not trust the Catholic at home, who spends his blood and treasure in her service!! Is this generous? Is this consistent? Is it just? Is it even politic? Is it the act of a wise country to fetter the energies of an entire population? Is it the act of a Christian country to do it in the name of God? Is it politic in a government to degrade part of the body by which it is supported, or pious to make Providence a party to their degradation? There are societies in England for discountenancing vice; there are Christian associations for distributing the Bible; there are volunteer missions for converting the heathen; but Ireland, the seat of their government, the stay of their empire, their associate by all the ties of nature and of interest; how has she benefited by the Gospel of which they boast?' p. 58.

These are some of the best and least exceptionable samples of our orator's style at dinner parties and Irish meetings—and

they may be thought upon the whole not ill adapted to such occasions ; indeed we can readily imagine that true Irish feeling, when well worked up either by an exaggerated notion of grievances, or by an extra bottle or two of champagne, would help much to carry off such harangues with some eclat. And we might be led to conclude, with others, that Mr. Phillips had wisely accommodated himself to the temper of his audience, had we any reason to suppose him one of your accommodating men ; but this is far from his character. He is little inclined to sacrifice his own better judgment to the whims of his hearers, and whether addressing himself to a court of law, or mounted on a dinner table, he still preserves the same sublime and elevated strain. Open but in the middle of any of his compositions, whether petitions to the Princess, speeches at the bar, or harangues at club meetings—and you will do well to discover from any internal evidences either the subject or the occasion of them,—there is in all of them the same neglect of any thing like argument and common sense, the same continual and wearisome straining after high sounding expressions and striking antitheses and gorgeous imagery. He seems never by any chance to fall into a natural mode, either of thought or diction, and he would undoubtedly consider it the greatest fault he could be guilty of.

It is usual with most orators, however they may intend to put themselves forth in the course of their performance, to commence in a modest, unambitious manner, and rise into a more impassioned style in proportion only as the feelings of their audience become prepared for it. But not so with Mr. Phillips,—no sooner has he got out ‘ My Lords and Gentlemen,’ than he steps up at once into the garden of fancy, and there lays about him most sturdily, seizing indiscriminately every flower he can lay his hand to, and hurling them down among his gaping hearers in such profusion and disorder, that it would puzzle even modern botanists to class and name them.

It would be useless in us to make further extracts,—those already given present a very favourable specimen of every line throughout the book. Mr. Phillips strikes a certain note when he begins, as it were with a pitch pipe, and holds to it, without variation, till he comes to the close. We have not selected, as reviewers are often charged with doing, such passages only as would best suit our turn, but such as we have in truth thought the least faulty, and such as the author and his friends and admirers have themselves pointed out as partic-

ularly fine. Indeed, in extracting after this manner, we think we do more than justice;—for such flights, taken by themselves, appear tolerably well, and when they occur but rarely, and are well timed, would hardly offend, with all their defects, the most fastidious taste,—it is only when they are continually played off upon you, that you become disgusted and jaded with them, and have a full sense of their utter worthlessness. Had we treated Mr. Phillips in a different manner, his defects might have been made to appear somewhat more glaring,—as for instance, to take a few sentences at random.

‘I should only think how long she had writhed in the agony of her disunion, how long she had bent, fettered by slaves, cajoled by blockheads, and plundered by adventurers; the proverb of the fool, the prey of the politician, the dupe of the designing, the experiment of the desperate, struggling, as it were, between her own fanatical and infuriated parties, those hell-engendered serpents which infold her like the Trojan seer, even at the worship of her altars, and crush her to death in the very embraces of her children.’

‘Has the sweet spirit of christianity appeared on our plains in the character of her precepts, breathing the air and robed in the beauties of the world to which she would lead us; with no argument but love, no look but peace, no wealth but piety; her creed comprehensive as the arch of heaven, and her charities bounded but by the circle of creation? Or has she been let loose amongst us, in form a fury, and in art a demon, her heart festered with the fires of hell, her hands clotted with the gore of earth, withering alike in her repose, and in her progress, her path apparent by the print of blood, and her pause denoted by the expanse of desolation? Gospel of heaven! is this thy herald? God of the universe! is this thy hand-maid? Christian of the ascendancy! how would you answer the disbelieving infidel, if he asked you, should he estimate the Christian doctrine by the Christian practice?’

‘Plundered, she was not poor, for her character enriched; attainted, she was not titleless, for her services ennobled; literally outlawed into eminence and fettered into fame, the fields of her exile were immortalized by her deeds, and the links of her chain became decorated by her laurels.’

‘Have we not seen the labour of ages overthrown, and the whim of a day erected on its ruins; establishments the most solid withering at a word, and visions the most whimsical realized at a wish; crowns crumbled, discords confederated, kings become vagabonds, and vagabonds made kings, at the capricious phrenzy of a village adventurer?’

‘Can there be an injury more deadly? can there be a crime more cruel? It is without remedy—it is without antidote,—it is without evasion! The reptile calumny is ever on the watch. From the fascination of its eye no activity can escape; from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from its malice, save when, bloated with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine, where envy idolizes her own infirmities.’

We cut for these passages, if our readers understand that term, and therefore have done by the author as fairly as was possible.

We hardly know with whom to compare Mr. Phillips in regard to style, unless it be with the production of an ancient historian—whose works many of our readers have doubtless met with in the course of their literary pursuits,—entitled ‘The House that Jack built.’ In accumulative sentences, frequent alliteration and in the force and number of their epithets, we think them very like each other, although the latter has certainly the advantage in point of simplicity. With all the defects of our orator, we are not insensible to his merits,—his imagination is uncommonly fertile, and he has a very great command of language, two important requisites to an orator,—but unfortunately he is not content to put them to their proper use. Every thing about him is so forced and artificial and made up, that on reading his speeches we find great difficulty in persuading ourselves that he is in earnest. He seems all the while to be *making-believe-orator*,—to have it as a principal object in his mind, to make a great speech, without regard to the occasion or the cause of his client, and to imagine that it is to delight themselves with his display alone, that the court and jury are brought together. This book however is by no means without its uses. We recommend it most confidently to every young Demosthenes, as containing the most valuable collection of good sounding words, remarkable antitheses and well strung alliterations to be found in the language. Indeed it promises to be of little less importance to the rising orator than the rhyming dictionary is to the youthful poet. We think it contains an excellent assortment too, for the true lovers of indescribable emotions, and all such as long to feel excitement without the trouble of ascertaining the causes.

From the remarks we have offered in relation to the oratory of this country, we may perhaps be understood as main-

taining that it has already reached its perfection, and is capable of no further improvement. We beg leave however to deny any such opinion. So far from it, we believe that very much remains to be done to bring it to that state of excellence to which our institutions are peculiarly well calculated to advance it, in all its various departments. All that we contend for is, that we have begun well, we have laid a good foundation, we have looked first to the substance and groundwork of oratory, and we need not fear but that the polish and ornament will follow of course, in due time, and of a proper kind. We are as sensible as any persons can be, that the most forcible reasoning will not at all times command the attention, and that the fancy and imagination must often be called in aid of the understanding. We conceive at the same time that there is great room for the display of a correct taste and good judgment in the selection of the most appropriate means to be used in awakening and keeping up the interest.

It is said in the preface to these orations, that oratory is always to be judged of by its success, and that the style which is most calculated to attract, is undoubtedly the best. This opens a field of argument into which we are not at liberty to enter just now, but we take leave to express our fullest dissent to the remark. We have seen the buffoonery and vulgar jests of an awkward and ignorant declaimer, have greater effect for a time with an audience, than the sound and elegant argument of one of our most distinguished orators ; but this had no tendency to raise the least question in the minds of any one, as to the oratory of the two persons. It is related of Patrick Henry, that being called upon to argue a case in a remote county court of his own state—and observing that the better part of the jury, during the address of his opponent, were in the full enjoyment of a very comfortable nap,—on rising in his turn, he gave his wig a gentle twirl and brought the bob in front, and in such costume went through with his argument—in answer to the questions which this extraordinary act drew on him, he said, that although the jury were not to be attracted by the able speech of his brother, he yet concluded they would all want to know what a madman had to say, and that upon this supposition was founded his singular mancœuvre,—nor was he disappointed. The astonished jury stared and heard with all their might ; whilst Henry, under cover of his ill adjusted wig, poured in upon them a most admirable and well adjusted

argument, and the victory of the wig party, as might be conjectured, was complete. But notwithstanding this striking figure of rhetoric answered an excellent purpose here, we apprehend few would advise to its frequent adoption.

It is a common remark, and a very correct one, that every person comes to his just level and occupies his proper place in public estimation, and in no particular is this more true, than in regard to oratory. However people may be captivated with prettily turned speeches and holyday orations, and delight in the play they give to the fancy and taste, they will not be led by them to responsible action on important emergencies. There is an instinct, as it were, among the ignorant and vulgar, as well as those of better taste and sounder judgment, which prevents them from being imposed upon by these superficial and heartless speech makers. There is an earnestness and naturalness of manner in all those who speak from feeling and from just views of their subject, and who themselves participate in the passions they would communicate, which cannot to be put on. Such persons rarely fail to find forcible, if not elegant expressions, and to arrest the attention and influence the minds of their hearers. It is such oratory we wish to see encouraged in this country, and such only we believe is likely to succeed.

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ART. XI.—1. *An account of the Battle of Bunker Hill. By H. Dearborn, Major General of the United States' Army.* 1818.

2. *A letter to Major General Dearborn, repelling his unprovoked attack on the character of the late Major General Israel Putnam. By Daniel Putnam, Esquire; 1818.*

WERE it not for the extremely unpleasant nature of the discussion to which the first of these pamphlets has given rise, we should not regret the occasion of recurring to that distinguished and ever memorable opening of the revolutionary contest. No national drama was ever developed, in a more interesting and splendid first scene. The incidents and the result of the battle itself were most important, and indeed most wonderful. As a mere battle, few surpass it in whatever engages and interests the attention. It was fought, on a conspicuous eminence, in the immediate neighbourhood of a populous city; and consequently in the view of thousands of